

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—COLL. KIRK.



NEWS FOR THE PECKCHAFFS.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER II.—THE PECKCHAFFS OF ROSEMARY HILL.

ROSEMARY HILL was a perfect illustration of the English word "snug;" the rooms were just high enough for health, and large enough for comfort; the furniture in them was sufficient for convenience, but not sumptuous nor overflowing. It had closets, and cupboards, and storeroom, and

cellarage, equal to the wants of a family living, as Sidney Smith once said, ten miles from a lemon! Such was the inside; the outside was made picturesque by its well-managed shrubs as well as by its somewhat old-fashioned form; the windows were surrounded by trained flowers which were not allowed to darken the rooms, but merely to send in their perfumes when the casements were open; the little porch at the door, of elegant but unpretending rustic work, was garnished in summer with rose and

woodbine, which gave a graceful welcome to the visitor, and promised happiness within. The well-arranged flower garden in front gradually grew greener till it merged in a paddock where grazed the old pony and the cow, and beyond it the orchard smiled in summer's promise or in autumn's plenty, as the seasons came. Bee-hives were on a thyme bank; a little stream murmured in a small business-like way between the paddock and the orchard, making a fuss, when full, over the score of ornamental stones that had been piled up to effect a waterfall, but in low times slipping through them almost unobserved, and making the rustic bridge, which matched the porch, a sinecure.

There was an air about the whole place that made one fancy the sun must always shine there, and there was a corresponding look in all that was about it. The old pony, who had done more work than he would ever do again, had a quiet satisfied expression; you would say he certainly had a sense of proprietorship in it all; and the cow was a meek-faced creature, happy to live and let live, never refusing to be milked, having the most amicable relations with the pony and Brownie the dog, and always walking to meet old John that milked her as if she had something very pleasant to tell him. The brook, though in such a hurry, had a good-tempered voice, and the hum of the bees was that of the sweetness of satisfied labour.

The master was the impersonation of the place; he was like a lake that, on a calm sunny day, reflects heaven on its face, serene and smiling, seldom rising to a strong expression either of joy or sorrow, and seemingly incapable of tumult. His name was Walter Peckchaff; he had passed the meridian of his days, and was not sorry that it was so, for life, calm as it looked to be at Rosemary Hill, was not altogether according to its promise. In short, Rosemary Hill was not "Paradise," which he softly admitted to himself, with the added reflection, "Surely not! there is but one Paradise." But the hope of that Paradise would so occupy his thoughts that he often slipped through the thorns in his path without feeling their points. His wife, judging from outward appearances, had little sympathy with him. She was a hard, knock-about character; her axiom was "Thinking about heaven was not the way to get there; people were sent into the world to *do* as well as *think*." This she threw at her husband's head whenever she was out of sorts with him, especially when his placid face provoked her impetuous spirit.

"If I were like you, Walter Peckchaff, I don't know where we should be!" This was her frequent reproach to him; he never replied but with a deprecatory smile, but he could have answered her, "My dear, we should be so very comfortable! Rosemary Hill would really be next to Paradise then!"

How came they to marry? Ah! that is a question that may often be asked, and none can answer it. "It came about," that was the only solution.

Small, pale, with a voice rather tremulous from years and bodily infirmity, Mr. Peckchaff looked as if he ought to have wedded the softest southern sighing breezes, instead of the high wind, strong and sharp, that he had chosen; and his wife, a fine, tall, robust woman, with a firm countenance, ought to have taken a storm or a hurricane for her partner; for this she would have been no more than a match. But so it was; they had married and had lived together many years, the characters of each developing more fully with time. Their family—and they had

had many children—were all scattered abroad, married or otherwise settled, and Mrs. Peckchaff's cares were now circumscribed. She had but her husband, who was more trouble than a baby, she often declared to him, and her small establishment of man and maid, to exercise her administrative powers. But all that was done at Rosemary Hill, in the house or garden, with cow or pony, by master or servants, was the emanation of her overruling mind, and she was perfectly satisfied with all her doings.

And indeed there was, in many respects, much to be satisfied with. She was no slumberer on her post; she had not the name only of mistress; she looked well to the ways of her household, and took care they should go the right "way" while she held the reins. All the order, the beauty, and the comfort that made Rosemary Hill so inviting were owing to her. She had managed Mr. Peckchaff's small income with such cleverness that she had made it sufficient for the wants of a large family, whom her prudence and skilful training had placed well in the world. If she had been the merchant, as he was when she married him, and had had the control of his business, he would not now have had a small income. Until he met with terrible reverses from failure in his partners, he had a very large one, and she had no more important sphere than that to head a costly establishment, and keep up her husband's dignity. No sooner did she discover that his circumstances were altered than she fully possessed herself of the truth, and retired with her family to Rosemary Hill, at once accommodating herself to the change, and giving all her energies to the education of the young Peckchaffs. When they were finished off and gone, she settled down to the less onerous cares in which the reader finds her now.

John and Dorcas, the man and maid, went like the wheels of a clock which she kept oiled and wound up. They would as soon have questioned the wisdom and authority of the "Size judges" as hers; she was to them a paragon of perfection; a little vigorous, perhaps, but her care for their interests, and the high repute which her management brought them into as pattern servants, reconciled them to anything they felt to be sharp or hard dealing. Their master they looked on with a sort of protecting, affectionate reverence. He was so really good, and always had a kind smile for them, let what would go wrong. But he was looked on by them very much as they regarded Sunday; that is, as something isolated from every-day life, having a course of peculiar occupations and comforts which were out of the reach of the "missus's" management.

But what brings us to Rosemary Hill? And what connection have Mr. and Mrs. Peckchaff with Laura Loft?

Mr. Peckchaff's sister was Mr. Loft's wife, therefore Laura was his niece. She was no great favourite there; her haughty bearing pained her uncle and offended her aunt, who was a great advocate for all things keeping their places, the place of the young being, in her opinion, the valley of humility.

It was May; Mrs. Peckchaff was standing in her out-door working-dress in the kitchen garden, and John was waiting for her next order.

"What! the peas all in? Very good; now the scarlet runners, where are the sticks? Have them ready and the matting to lay down as soon as the seeds come up, to save them from the frost."

"Oh yes, they're all ready," said John, who had

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done his work so often now he did not want telling—so he thought.

"See there—you have left a gap in that trough, John, and here the beans are too close," she cried, presently, as, leaving a flower bed she had been busy with, she returned to him.

"Some on 'em 'll very like fail," said John, dropping one or two into the gap, and nodding objectingly towards those too thickly sown.

"I don't mean *one* to fail, and I'll have them put in right," she said, firmly; whereupon John humbly stooped down, and picking up the beans, laid them according to her mind, while she administered a sharp short lecture on the losses occasioned by careless work. She was interrupted in it, not at all to his sorrow, by Dorcas with a letter.

She looked at the post-mark, and put it into her apron pocket without a word. When her gardening operations were over, she read it; with a sarcastic smile she gave it to Mr. Peckchaff, whom she found among his books.

"Laura is coming; I don't know what brings her. I thought I had cured her of caring for Rosemary Hill the last time she was here," she cried.

"A very curious letter it is," said Mr. Peckchaff, as his eyes, opening wider and wider, went down the paper. "What does she mean?"

Mrs. Peckchaff, who had detected some papers laid loose on the tops of books in the shelves, replied, "Mr. Peckchaff, you have a basket for litters and a drawer for loose papers, and I told you never to put any on the books!" whereupon she began speedily to displace the offending papers.

"Oh, my dear! Mrs. Peckchaff! Now don't, pray don't; you will mix them. Oh, they have given me so much trouble!" he cried, imploringly, in a dejected tone.

"Trouble! what do you think of *my* trouble? Didn't I have all these books down and dusted, every one of them, not a week since, and put them all right?—and look at them now!"

Poor Mr. Peckchaff knew, to his sorrow, she had done it; of all the small evils of life, nothing grieved him more than when his wife "put him to rights" in his study. It was long before he felt at home again among his things or could find anything he wanted. He sat on his high writing-stool, looking with a melancholy air at her as she, utterly regardless of his entreaties, clutched the offenders and threw them into the rubbish basket, with the remark, "If there is anything worth saving, you can pick it out."

Finding there was no resisting the storm, Mr. Peckchaff bowed to it and returned to the consideration of the letter, waiting for his wife's departure to rescue the victims of her wrath. Perhaps she was tired, perhaps John had nettled her with his small outbreak of rebellion, and this had made her a little irritable; now her husband's submission touched her, and as she walked along the range of the shelves to see that all was right, she was a little pricked in her conscience.

"Walter, I wish you would learn to be neat," she said; "what a place this would be if I didn't look after it!"

"I'm afraid, my dear, it's too late for me to learn," he replied, catching at her softened tone; he was going to add, "As you have your way and rule absolutely everywhere else, surely I ought to be untidy in peace, if I like it, in this one space of twelve feet by four-

teen," but he thought better of it. "Let go contention" was a proverb dear to his heart; he hated strife like a mad dog.

"You have read the letter?" asked Mrs. Peckchaff.

"I have, but, like many things I read, I don't understand it," he replied.

Mr. Peckchaff might well be at a loss to understand the letter: it spoke of the degrading position held by women; of the bitterness of their subjugation; of the tyranny of husbands, and the glory of fighting for a revolution in the laws that now governed the sexes. His own experience made this unintelligible to him.

Laura would not have chosen her uncle's house but for two reasons. First, having made known her resolve to leave Hurley, she felt that, for her comfort's sake, she must do it at once. Mr. Loft's indignation increased as he reflected on the case. Had she not been his care, his pride? Had he not, by his lordly will, reduced the whole family to subjection under her? True, and if he had not found another "care" and "pride," who had already begun to reign in her place, he would not have had to complain of her rebellion. As it was, not seeing his own folly, while he was keenly alive to the pride and ingratitude that were mainly the offspring of it, he chafed sorely under his injuries.

His daughter had sufficient self-command not to show that she felt his anger, and also that she was a little piqued at her mother's serenity. Mrs. Loft, finding that there was a direct rupture between her husband and daughter, and that therefore she had nothing to fear from the latter, took courage to give her a little advice and try to bring her to a better mind.

"You see, my dear, your father is most of all vexed that he is to lose your help with our darling Tommy. He thought you would repay all the trouble and expense he had been at for you by assisting the sweet child in his studies; for he has made up his mind that he is to be a great man.

Mrs. Loft sighed, for she had often, in her heart, wished she could keep Tommy "a paragon of babies" instead of nursing him up to forsake and very likely despise her, as Laura did, when nursing days were over. She would rather have stopped the wheels of time and have kept him her own than have seen him the greatest man in England.

Her words were gall and wormwood to her daughter, whose heart swelled at the thought of being changed from an idol to an idol-server.

She help to train the darling? *She!* Well, she would go at once. But where? She had many school friends, and some relatives. A relative would be the best, to begin with, to whom she could go uninvited, and under whose roof she could arrange her future with sufficient deliberation; and she fixed on her Uncle Peckchaff, because his wife, being a strong-minded woman, would, she felt sure, sympathise with her in her present feelings and opinions. So she wrote to Rosemary Hill, announcing her intended visit, and relieving her spirit a little by a strong philippic against the tyranny of the usurping sex, and the rights of injured women!

Mrs. Peckchaff received her guest with the hospitality which was one of her professed duties, and for which Rosemary Hill was celebrated. Mr. Peckchaff was always kind, and would not have been otherwise than cordial to his sister's daughter, but that she was so entirely "Mr. Loft in petticoats,"

and had so little of her mother about her, that he had great difficulty to call to mind the relationship. Now she seemed to have come with a flourish of trumpets before her, proclaiming war with some, it mattered not to him with whom; war, if only a war of words, carried on or discussed even in his presence, was a great affliction to his quiet mind.

Laura was so full of her "one idea," that she little noticed either her aunt's reception or her uncle's nervous shrinking manner, and she had scarcely taken off her bonnet before she began to deliver her "new light on old abuses."

"I dare say my letter surprised you," she remarked, as she sat at tea with them. Mrs. Peckchaff merely smiled a hard smile, and Mr. Peckchaff said with hesitation, he didn't quite understand her.

"You have not studied the state of society relative to the sexes, I dare say; you have not therefore arrived, as I have done, at the conviction that a change—a great, radical change is needed—and I am glad to say is inevitable!" She spoke with an excited flush on her usually pale cheek.

"Changes, great changes, should never be made without reason," said her uncle, while Mrs. Peckchaff buttered her toast as if indifferent to the subject.

"True, uncle; but the reason here is sound and overwhelming," she said.

"I have not gone into the subject, my dear," replied the quiet man; "in fact, I don't know what the subject is, except that you want some great change. I am not fond of changes. I know some clamour for a thing because it is new, and others against it for the same reason, and I should be sorry to do the one or the other."

"My subject! I thought I had clearly conveyed it in my letter—it is the rights of women; and I felt sure, whatever my uncle might feel, I should have your sympathy!" said Laura to Mrs. Peckchaff.

That lady's expression was anything but promising as she inquired, "Is it your father's domineering over your mother that has roused you up to this? Well, let me tell you, it is your mother's own fault; if she had held her own as she should have done from the first, she would not have been what she is now. Let a woman see to her rights as she ought to do, and where is the man that can keep them from her?" She looked at her husband as she spoke; he, meekly sipping his tea, bowed acquiescence, and could have said also that if such a man existed it was not Walter Peckchaff.

The conversation continued with some heat on Laura's part, and asperity on that of Mrs. Peckchaff, who scorned the idea of a woman's wanting any rights she could not maintain for herself.

"It appears to me, Laura," said Mr. Peckchaff, when an interval in the conversation occurred through want of self-command at last on Laura's side—self-command that would enable her to reply with calmness to her aunt's unsparing attacks—"it appears to me that you and your aunt are not arguing—shall I say logically?—well, I will say you are not as direct in your charges and defences as good fighting requires."

"Fighting! Walter!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff, "you don't suppose I am going to fight about such nonsense, do you? As to Laura, I am sure if she is fighting, she doesn't know what it's about."

"Laura knows, probably, in the aggregate, what she wishes to assert; but she has not yet formed out the subject so as to deal with it systematically," said Mr. Peckchaff, who felt for his niece under her

present disadvantages; his wife pursuing no direct point in the discussion, but hitting at her antagonist right and left as things came into her head.

"Thank you, uncle," said Laura, with a dignified bend of the head; "I admit that such a general attack as my aunt is indulging in demands more calmness and promptitude to meet it successfully than I feel equal to after a long journey. I yield to her all the triumphs she, no doubt, believes she has gained, till I have, as you say, 'formed out the subject,' and then, if she will keep to her point fairly, perhaps I may have better success with her."

"Never, Laura!" cried Mrs. Peckchaff; "you never will, can, nor shall convince me that lies are truth and nonsense is sense, which I must believe if I listen to you."

Laura rose from the table and walked towards the window; with a supercilious smile she began to admire the flowers and the garden view altogether. Her movement was evidently meant as a close to the conversation, but her aunt would not be silenced, nor told when to cease her strictures by her. She was more angry than before, and reiterated the charges of "nonsense" and "lies" till her husband felt obliged to take the combat out of her hands. Very gently, with a slightly nervous look at his wife, he said, "I think, my dear niece, when you talk of women being in the condition of the poor negro slave, or in no better state than the women of India and Turkey, you overshoot your mark very far indeed. The minds and wills of women are free, and their indirect influence in all matters in which they take an interest is immense. I firmly believe that if they were, by 'the great change' which you seem to contemplate with such delight, to be enabled to give up home power in order to grasp at public rule, nature would soon bring us back to the teaching of experience; but meanwhile many fine natures would be spoilt, and many a happy home disordered."

Laura was silent, and Mrs. Peckchaff having a little recovered her balance, from which her niece's haughty assumption had thrown her, said, "Well, no more of this to-night; it's enough to turn one's head topsy-turvy to listen to or to talk of such things. I hope, my dear, you will come to your senses with your uncle's teaching."

"And yours, aunt?" asked Laura, with a look and tone that made Mrs. Peckchaff go speedily out of the room lest she should forget her duty as a hostess on the first night of her guest's arrival.

The Monk and the Bird.

ANCIENT LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHUBERT.

THE bright spring morn its sunshine cast
On field and streamlet gay,

When Petrus Speculator passed

From out his cloister grey,
And as he wandered through the wood,
He cried, "Lord, all Thy works are good!"

"In smiling spring with gem-like flowers
Thou dost adorn the ground;
With golden corn in summer hours

Thou pourest wealth around.
Fair pearls in autumn Thou dost shed,
And silver brightens winter's head.

"Oh Lord, what wonders manifold
Surround our earthly dwelling !
But when Thy saints Thy face behold,—
A joy all joys excelling,—
For ever thus,—from year to year,—
Will not the time too long appear ?

"Oh God, enlighten Thou my mind!"
This was the prayer he prayed—
When roaming on, he starts to find
A change where'er he strayed.
No well-known oaks and pines were seen,
Around were palms and myrtles green !

To one tall tree he turned his feet,
For midst its branches fair
A strain of music passing sweet
Filled all the balmy air.
Enraptured, to the spot he clung—
It was a Bird of Heaven that sung !

And oh how marvellous the lay !
It raised the soul from earth,—
Its theme—the Resurrection day,—
Creation's second birth ;
When Heaven shall drop with golden dew,
And Christ the Lord make all things new ;

When at the trumpet's solemn voice
The grave's dread chain shall part,
And saints and angels shall rejoice
With every ransomed heart !
The monk, entranced, stood listening long,
"Blest bird ! I thank thee for thy song."

And now with gladdened soul he hied
Toward his home once more,
But change unlooked for he espied
Around his convent door.
The brook, the field, the woods were gay,
But dim with age that cloister grey.

He crossed the threshold wonderingly,
An unknown brother came,
"Stranger, you seem to know your way,
Declare your wish,—your name?"
"My way I ought to know," said he,
"Do you not Brother Petrus see?"

"Petrus!" exclaimed the monk, aghast,
In wild amazement lost,—
"A thousand rolling years have passed
Since, from our convent lost,
Petrus, 'tis said, went forth at prime,
And ne'er was heard of from that time."

Then Petrus, trembling, lifts his eyes
And lowly bends his knee,
And deeply gasps for breath, and cries,
"My madness, Lord, I see !
Oh fool ! to think that Heaven's own joy
Could fail the heart to satisfy.

"And Thou hast sent a heavenly Bird
That bore my soul away,
When its enchanting song I heard
Of the Redemption day,
Till tranced beneath its magic power
A thousand years seemed but an hour.

"What will it be—what will it be,
When that Redemption I shall see ?
When on my Lord these eyes shall rest,
When in His love this soul is blest !
Enwrapped in fulness of delight
What heart can tell the seasons' flight ?
Eternity like Time will flee
When once Thy children gaze on Thee!"

M. A. S. M.

LEISURE HOURS IN IRELAND.

BY THE EDITOR.



I.—WHY I WENT THERE.

"IT requires an uncommonly hard head to get at anything like the truth in Ireland." So said the Duke of Wellington, in his young vigorous days, when, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, he was Irish Secretary. If he felt this difficulty, born in the country, and living there, with his more than uncommonly hard head too, need we wonder at the obscurity which shrouds all Irish subjects to ordinary people on this side the channel? Another clear-sighted man, Archbishop Whately, after some years' experience, said : "In England, according to the proverb, Truth lies at the bottom of a well ; it may be difficult to get at, but it is clear when it is got. In Ireland it lies at the bottom of a bog ; when it does come out, it is muddy and discoloured." And in still happier figure, he likens Irishmen to travellers on their own jaunting cars, where the passengers sit back to back. "Those who sit on one side see a different view from those on the other side. One set will see everything green, and another everything orange."

LEISURE HOURS IN IRELAND.

Nor is this diversity merely in respect to matters of opinion, whether in religion or politics; it is quite as difficult to get at truth as to matters of fact. Very seldom will two Irishmen give the same account of a thing, and equally seldom will the same Irishman give the same account at two different times. There is a looseness and inaccuracy of speech, astonishing and bewildering to those not accustomed to it. Without apparent intention to deceive or to convey a false impression, an Irishman's statement is usually to be accepted with caution. Some say that this habit of inaccuracy, to call it by a mild term, is only what is found in all Roman Catholic countries, and is one of the results of the corrupt training of the Romish Church. This is certainly a more satisfactory explanation than connecting the habit with race, or other natural and irremediable cause. Whatever may be the cause, the difficulty of getting a trustworthy statement upon any subject, amounts almost to a national characteristic. Yet Wellington himself, the personification of truth and straightforwardness, was an Irishman (though hating to be called one), and there are many men in Ireland now as good and true,—if you can find them.

I had seen Ireland, and knew probably as much about both the country and the people as ordinary travellers know. But for understanding the public questions continually coming up for discussion, and more especially for judging of communications from Ireland for editorial guidance, I desiderated more accurate information. Vain is the attempt to get such information from Irishmen in England. It is marvellous to see their ignorance, or the inexactness of their knowledge, on affairs of their own country. The newspaper press is still more misleading, from the prejudice and party spirit displayed. The "Times" itself, although it has an Irish editor, or rather because it has an Irish editor, is the least to be trusted on Irish questions. Its contemptuous treatment of them has done much to perpetuate and intensify disloyal and anti-English feeling. No wonder the Irish complain of being misunderstood and misrepresented, if they judge by the usual tenor of articles in the so-called "organs of public opinion."

There was an article in the "Leisure Hour" last year on the National schools of Ireland, written by one of the most accomplished and most unprejudiced men in the country. It was chiefly a historical and descriptive statement, containing only a few sentences of opinion in pages of fact, but these few sentences brought a tempest of angry remonstrance. The writer contrasted the teaching of our time with the hedge schools of former days, and said that the introduction of the National System of education by the late Lord Derby was one of the greatest boons ever conferred on Ireland. A correspondent, in high position too, said that the system was the greatest bane and curse ever inflicted on the country! It was a Protestant who wrote this, for he said that he would sooner see the children of Ireland with no education than with the education given under the Romish priests, in the national schools. Yet the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterians, meeting in the capital of Protestant Ulster, without dissentient voice, passed last year a resolution approving the national schools. Cardinal Cullen and the Jesuits are afraid of the system. "Nothing will satisfy them—so they have declared—but the entire and exclusive control of the secular as well as the religious instruction of the people. It would be a

dark day for Ireland if they got what they wish." Yet it was the article which thus concluded that an equally good Protestant denounced. I determined to go and see for myself the truth on this matter.

Education was only one of the subjects on which I had found it difficult to get at the truth from the statements of others. We think in this country that Popery is the master evil and the bane of Ireland, and that hope for Ireland lies in the spread of the Reformation. Is Protestantism on the increase? How much of the Protestantism of which we hear is merely political, and how much is the fruit of vital Christianity? What have churches and missionary societies effected in all these years, and with all their endowments and appliances? Read the mission reports, and you would think that multitudes were leaving the old superstitions, and that the light of the gospel shone over all Connaught. Yet a professedly Protestant newspaper, the "Irish Times," denied the existence of any converts, saying that "thousands of tourists from all parts of the United Kingdom have been in Connemara to enjoy its sublime scenery and the sport afforded by its streams, and have never discovered them." It is the old story of "Eyes and no eyes"! It was worth going to ascertain the truth about the conflicting statements.

Every traveller who visits Ireland after some years' absence brings reports of the improved state of the country. Agriculture, trade, commerce, are all said to be flourishing. Wealth is increasing, crime is steadily on the decline—especially agrarian crime, the most inveterate disorder of the body politic. Prices are higher, wages are higher, the value of land and produce and stock is higher. In all that is commonly taken to constitute "the wealth of nations," the condition of the country is good and hopeful. Yet the strange social phenomenon of Ireland is, that under or alongside of the prosperity which every one reports, there is a mass of poverty and mendicancy, of wretchedness and discontent, upon which the progress of the country seems to make little or no impression. The flow of emigration still continues. The Land Act, which was to bring agrarian peace and harmony, is assailed by landlords as a statute of confiscation, and by tenants as insufficient to protect their rights. If there is no actual outbreak of rebellion, the mass of the people are still disaffected and disloyal. The country is peaceful, yet a fifth of the British army has to be quartered there, as in a hostile country. Ireland is prosperous, yet it remains the difficulty and the despair of statesmen. How are these paradoxes to be explained? How can we reconcile the reports of progress with the facts of social disorder and political disaffection? To learn the truth on these and many other questions I went to Ireland, and the result I have given in a volume* which has already attracted much attention and caused much discussion. Some of the subjects there treated are of a political or controversial kind, not suited for the pages of this periodical, and I must refer those to the book who wish to know "the truth about Ireland."

But there are points on which there is no room for controversy, and in which all classes of readers have a common interest. Of the vast multitude of tourists, comparatively few go to study social or political problems, or to obtain educational or religious

* "Ireland in 1872: a Tour of Observation, with Remarks on Irish Public Questions." By Dr. Macaulay. H. S. King & Co.

statistics. The natural scenery and historical sites of the country, the customs and peculiarities of the people, the industries and manufactures, the occupations and the sports, the museums and libraries, the art treasures and antiquities,—these are the usual objects of attraction. There was a rare opportunity last year, not likely to be again enjoyed, of seeing at the Dublin Exhibition a splendid gallery of national portraits, as well as a collection of native products and manufactures; but for the ordinary pleasures of a tourist there was a drawback in the unusually wet season. Two such years of discomfort are not likely to come together, so there may be hope of pleasant weather for those who this year wish to enjoy a tour in beautiful and romantic Ireland.

II.—HOW TO GET TO IRELAND.

Travelling for pleasure in Ireland is a thing only of late years become common. It was about the last place summer tourists ever thought of. Not only the disturbed and unsettled state of the country, but the angry bit of sea, generally tumultuous and sometimes dangerous, deterred them. Thirty years ago, Mr. Kohl, author of one of the best books of travel in Ireland, thus begins his narrative: "Those who have been little at sea are always more anxious than they need be in the uproar of the elements. This was the case with my solitary fellow-passenger and myself during the storm which assailed us on board Her Majesty's mail packet, whilst on her voyage from Anglesea to Dublin, on the night of the 22nd September, 1842." Contrast this pair of passengers, in the fifth year of Victoria's reign, with the hundreds who now every day with speed and safety cross the Irish Channel! Before the days of steam, the communication between England and Ireland was of course far more uncertain. In the memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, he tells how, on hearing of his wife's illness in England, he determined to go to her, and immediately went to Dublin. "But, just as I was going to embark in the packet, the wind became directly adverse. I sat hour after hour, with my eyes fixed upon a weathercock, watching its slightest motions. Day after day the wind continued in the same point; no vessel of any sort could sail. Letters came, and the anxiety and impatience which I experienced were beyond all bounds. For more than a week I was thus kept in suspense. I almost thought that I could walk upon the sea. If a row boat could have been procured, I should not have hesitated to attempt a passage. Looking back to my past life, I can assert that the greatest torment that my mind ever endured was at this period." The incident is worth recalling, were it only to increase our thankfulness for the facilities of modern travel.

There is a wonderful choice of routes to Ireland from London. Where time is an object, and money no object, the favourite way is by the London and North-Western Railway, by Crewe, Chester, Holyhead, and Kingstown, by the morning express: the whole distance 330 miles, of which sixty-six are by sea. By the post-office contract with the railway company and the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, the journey must be made in eleven hours, under penalty. The safety of the passengers is thus a secondary point to the speedy conveyance of the mail bags. No wonder we hear of fearful accidents occasionally. The "Wild Irishman" is the familiar name of this express train. At the

Wicklow assizes last year when I was in Ireland, a guard of the North-Western line was one of the witnesses in a case. In reply to questions in examination, he said, "I have been thirteen years travelling on 'The Wild Irishman' every day, and I am still a living man," a statement which was received with laughter and a buzz of admiration.

Where there is no need for such hot and risky haste, it is better to travel by an ordinary train, and halt at Chester, which is well worth seeing, as one of the quaintest old cities in the kingdom. Leaving Chester in the morning, there is time to stop at Bangor to see the Cathedral, the Menai Bridge, and the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and in the afternoon cross from Holyhead Harbour, either to Kingstown or to Dublin North Wall Quay. Chester may be reached by other lines than the North-Western. For a foreigner, or any one wishing to have a glimpse of the most varied English scenery, the Great Western line is preferable, as it passes through Oxford and through Warwickshire, where a halt may be made for Warwick and Kenilworth and Stratford-on-Avon. By this route the traveller passes through some of the finest agricultural scenes, and also gets a sight of the busiest mining districts in the Black Country.

To the south of Ireland there is also choice of routes; by the Great Western to Milford Haven and Waterford; or by the Midland to Bristol and Cork. Those who prefer a long sea voyage, can have a cheap sail from London to Cork direct, the steamer touching at Southampton and Plymouth. The shortest sea passage between the two countries is the new route to the north of Ireland *via* Stranraer and Larne, which is under two hours of sea, with about forty minutes of loch sailing. To Belfast there are many routes: from London by Fleetwood, or by Barrow-in-Furness; from Liverpool; from Glasgow, direct or by Ardrosson; besides many other steamers from various ports, the times of which are given in the railway and shipping guides. The existence of all these routes attests the busy traffic now going on between the two countries. During the summer season the different companies vie with each other in providing cheap and convenient arrangements for tourists, including routes through all parts of Ireland.* There are all sorts and sizes of guide-books, from "Murray's Handbook" and "Measom's Railway Guide," to Sir Cusack P. Roney's "How to spend a month in Ireland, and what it will cost" (W. H. Smith). Of larger works for study or reference, the best is Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Ireland." There are also many local guide-books for particular districts, some of which, containing sufficient information for tourists, are freely distributed during the season, such as the Guide to Connemara, or the Western Highlands of Connaught. This is issued by the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, the arrangements of which for a western "circular tour" are most liberal and convenient. The sources of information being so numerous and accessible, it would be waste of space to give any descriptive details of scenery, especially as previous volumes of the "Leisure Hour" have contained records of tours to the most popular and familiar regions of Irish travel. A few miscellaneous extracts

* Ireland has the advantage of possessing, besides various standard Handbooks and Guide-books, two monthly publications, corresponding to our Bradshaw and other railway guides, but containing also much miscellaneous and useful information, Falconer's Guide (53, Upper Sackville Street) and the Official Irish Travelling Guide (87, Marlboro' Street). It is well to write for these before planning a tour.

from my note-book, with hints to those who care to wander from the beaten paths of tourists, are all that I propose to give in these recollections of leisure hours in Ireland. I would only advise those who have time not to tie themselves to the meagre pro-

from Dublin, because the assizes were sitting at the time, and I knew there would be a curious gathering of Western Irish people. The weather was too rough and rainy then to penetrate into the highlands, where the public travelling is all by open car,

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TOOMIES MOUNTAIN, LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

gramme of English railway advertisements, but to reserve their plans till they consult the prospectuses issued by the Irish railway companies, and other local sources of information. Where there is plenty of time, there is not a county in all Ireland without places worthy of visiting, either from natural features or historical associations. But if time is limited, after the sights of Dublin and of County Wicklow, the

so I had to return later in the season; but I did not grudge the double visit to Galway.

III.—IRISH TRAVELLING.

Uncertainty of weather, and the modes of travelling, must be taken into account by all tourists who depend on public conveyances. Beyond the lines of railway, all points must be reached by open cars,



THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, KILLARNEY.

Blackwater, Cork, and Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, and the Donegal Mountains, let the tourist give his attention to the Western Highlands of Connemara, starting from Galway, one of the most interesting old towns in Ireland. I went to it straight

whether the public mail cars or privately hired. Out of any month half the travelling days are likely to be wet, and often a larger proportion. A standing joke of Charles James Fox when he met any one from Ireland was to ask, "Is that shower over yet?"

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Umbrellas and waterproofs are indispensable. It is impossible to plan beforehand a lengthened route or to follow "a circular tour," except with brave independence of weather. At the best of times, after the novelty of the thing is worn off, the Irish car is an un-

any distance within the police limit. It is too low, and it is a wonder how it can pay in these times. Better vehicles or better horses cannot be expected with such remuneration, and the poor fellows must generally live on short commons. Yet I never heard



BAY OF GLEN GARIFF.

comfortable kind of vehicle. Its chief advantage is the facility of jumping off for pedestrian relaxation. When spinning down hill, or on rough surface, you have to hold on at least with one hand (as my little dos-a-dos is doing in the cut), when you would like to have both free; and in wind and rain the position is decidedly uncomfortable. The philosophy of the machine is that it carries the greatest number of people with the smallest number of wheels and a single horse. The larger Bianconis and other mail cars have several horses, and more passengers on each seat, but still all sitting sideways, and moving onward in crab fashion. Between the seats is a well, covered or open, for the luggage, so that the seats are generally too narrow. Private cars have sometimes broader and more comfortable seats, but the public cars are rough conveyances for other than natives accustomed to them. But it is the carriage of the country, and solitary tourists must make the best of it. The charges are moderate, and on the public cars wonderfully cheap.

I must here interpolate a few words about the Irish car-men, especially those of Dublin. Odd characters there are among them, such as maintain the character for national wit and jollity; but as a class they are quiet, hard-working, and much-enduring. Compared with the London cabmen they are a civil and good-tempered race. Last year, and I suppose now, the rate was sixpence a course for

grumbling, never once was asked for more than the fare, and always got hearty thanks when more was given. "This is a long drive uphill for sixpence," I said to one old boy, who took me from College Green to Upper Gardiner Street. "Och! we must give and take, your honour," was his contented reply; and he was quite pleased when told he would have another fare for waiting five minutes, and then have the return course downhill.

The honesty of the Dublin car-men as a class is notable. During the past year about 850 articles of property, many of them very valuable, were left in hackney vehicles, and surrendered by the drivers to the police. In twenty-six cases, bank-notes and purses containing different sums amounting in all to about £100 were given up, and in about twenty cases sovereigns and half-sovereigns which had been given at night by mistake for shillings and sixpences. The rewards left by owners of recovered property during the whole year only amounted to £16 10s. 6d., a sum so disproportioned to the value as to increase our admiration at the honesty of Dublin car-men.

IV.—KILLARNEY.

To the most popular and most familiar districts of Irish travel, especially the Lakes of Killarney, there is every facility of access and luxury of transit. By train from Cork and Mallow the

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tourist is landed in the heart of the Lake district, with the best-appointed hotels, and every sort of civilised conveyance, open or covered. Or if a more romantic route is desired, he can go to Bandon and Bantry, and thence to Killarney by Glengariff and Kenmare. The stage-coaches by Macroom are well patronised in the season. The wild magnificence of Glengariff is a good preparation for the more picturesque beauty of the lakes. For all the wonders of the district, the Upper and Lower Lake, the Islands, Torc Waterfall, and Mucross Abbey, and the Gap of Dunloe, and the Toomies Mountain, I must refer to the guide-books, especially Mrs. Hall's "Week at Killarney." People who wish to *do* all the sights must submit themselves to the direction of the "guides," with their routine of excursions by land and water, on horse and foot. It is impossible, if you are only a short time at Killarney, to dispense with these arrangements, or to escape from the swarms of sellers of curiosities, and other parasites of such places. It is the same in all countries, but the Irish beggars and merchants have a pertinacity and persuasiveness beyond all others. It would puzzle a Jew or an Aberdonian to go through the Pass of Dunloe with his purse unlightened. Our artist has exaggerated the comeliness but not the

with details of all the points of pleasure or of wonderment that fill up the week's rambles. The geologist will more clearly understand the scenery when told that the mountains are not of primitive rock, like the granite highlands of Donegal, but belong to the less imposing secondary system, chiefly the old red sandstone series, though the heights of some of the hills are considerable. Carran Tuel is about 3,400 feet; Mangerton, 2,700; Toomies, 2,500; Eagle's Nest, 1,100. The Torc Waterfall is very picturesque, but in magnitude, whether as to height or volume of water, it is a disappointing affair. The most marked characteristic of the scenery for the botanist is the profuse and luxuriant growth of the Arbutus (*Arbutus Unedo*), which assumes almost a tree-like appearance in this climate and locality. Some have reached six and even seven feet circumference. No wonder that ornamental arbutus woodwork is an art and trade of large extent. The other chief trees, in the drive to Mucross Abbey, for instance, are the Ash, Oak, Elm, Fir, Birch, Holly, and occasionally fine Yews. Of lower vegetable clothing, among plants that abound are St. John's wort, Foxglove, Honeysuckle, and Heath, with plentiful Ferns.

In spite of the changes caused by the influx of visitors, there is still much of primitive life to be seen round Killarney. Every ruin and rock has its legend, more or less ancient or authentic. There are old customs, too, which linger. I saw a funeral where the "keeners" led the way with their wild dirge of grief. Off the beaten track of travel, there is much that will interest the lovers of old customs as well as the admirers of fine scenery.

The number of inns and amount of accommodation will surprise those who knew the Lakes long ago. Not to speak of those in the heart of the scenery, each of which offers special advantages, there is a Railway Hotel at the terminus of the Great Southern and Western, not surpassed by any similar hotel in the kingdom. The manager was formerly the steward of the Travellers' Club. It is not sixty years since there was not a single inn or place upon the Lakes where a tourist could find entertainment. In the season it is now difficult sometimes to secure a bed, out of the thousands within reach, and it will be worse by-and-by, for the Americans, who do everything by rote, have got it in their European guide-books to "land at Queenstown, see Killarney, and on to Dublin."



number of the pretenders to be the *real* granddaughter of Kate of Kearney. A "Good Templar" or other total abstainer will be so often tempted on a hot day with the "mountain dew," whiskey and milk, that his passage through the Gap will be like Pilgrim's journey through the valley where he was sore beset with goblins and spirits. Seriously, the rival guides and ponies and touters and sellers and beggars are a nuisance, which it is not easy to escape, and from which one attack gives no protection.

But what about the scenery? Written descriptions are usually mere accumulations of epithets, with rhapsodical utterances of the spectator's personal opinion of the views. Grant that Killarney Lakes are the "tenth wonder of the world," as an ancient poem calls them. Say also that the Lower Lake is surpassingly beautiful, being studded with islands; and the Upper Lake more wildly magnificent, from the rugged mountains completely enclosing it; while the Middle Lake "is conspicuous for a happy mingling of both—not inferior to the one in grace and beauty, or to the other in majestic grandeur." This is the essence of the guide-books,



USUAL VIEW OF KILLARNEY.

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GEORGE HERBERT: HIS POETRY PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN THREE PARTS: PART II.

IT was our high privilege in a First Paper to give to the world for the first time no less than six additions to the "Divine Poems" of George Herbert. Before now examining our ms. of the already-published Poems, it may be recorded here, in passing, that another sacred piece of Herbert has been long misassigned to Dr. Donne, viz., his own translation of his Latin lines to that poet and divine on his seal of the Anchor and Christ—a very noticeable and characteristic poem. The two poems—Latin and English—are self-revealingly the replies of Herbert to Donne. Donne sent his seal with his Lines written both in Latin and English, and Herbert—as shown by the heading—wrote the Latin lines, "In Sac. Anc. Piscatoris;" and it is clear from the description of the seal, and from lines 8–10, "Quandam sigillum," and from lines 11–13, "Suavis sigillum," that they are the reply to Donne and his gifts. Notwithstanding all this, the English poem "Although the Cross" is blunderingly headed in modern editions of Donne, "To Mr. Geo. Herbert, with his seal of the Anchor and Christ," while a momentary glance shows it is really the English of the prior Latin. Hence, as Dr. Donne had written in Latin and English, and as he was not likely to translate a reply to a panegyric on himself, there can be no doubt that to Herbert, not to Donne, the English as well as the Latin of the poem belongs, just as in the other two we have Donne's Latin "done" in English by himself. Thus it is our good fortune to add this fine poem—very much in advance of his "Cross"—to the poetry of Herbert. It is one of the many unrecorded "Curiosities of Literature" that this English poem should so long have been misassigned to Donne and kept out of Herbert's poems.*

Now, turning to our ms., it will prepare the way for after-remarks if we give a list of its contents in their order, as follows, an asterisk denoting the six new poems:

1. The Dedication—Lord, my first fruits, &c.
2. The Church-Porch—Thou whose sweet youth, &c.
3. Perirranterium†—Thou whom y^e former precepts, &c.
4. Superlininare—Avoyd Profaneness, &c.
5. The Altar—A broken Altar, &c.
6. The Sacrifice—O all ye who pass by, &c.
7. The Thanks-giving—King of all Grief, &c.
8. The Second Thanks-giving—I have consider'd it, &c.
9. The Passion—Since nothing, Lord, &c.
10. The Passion—Having bin Tenant, &c.
11. Good Ffriday—O my chief good, &c.
12. The Sinner—Lord, how I am all ague, &c.
13. Easter—Rise hart, &c.

* See the group of these poems by Donne and Herbert in our edition of Donne (vol. ii.) in Fuller Worthies' Library.

† Sic in the ms.; in the printed text, Perirranterium. It may not be supererogatory to explain that this word is from the Greek, and designates the utensil for sprinkling (so-called) "holy water"—a kind of brush. In pre-Reformation times, a bowl of such water was placed at the entrance of churches to invite the worshipper to symbolise thereby his "conscience sprinkled from dead works" in order "to serve the living God." Herbert reverts to this act, and the word after his "handful of advice" teaching purity of life as preparatory for the after-spiritual truths, thus: "Thou whom the former precepts have sprinkled, and taught how to behave thyself in church," etc.

14. Easter—I had prepar'd, &c.
15. Easter-wings—Lord, who createdst, &c.
16. Easter-wings—My tender age, &c.
17. H. Baptisme—When backward, &c.
18. H. Baptisme—Since, Lord, to Thee, &c.
19. Love 1—Immortal Love, &c.
20. Love 2—Immortal Heat, &c.
21. The H. Communio—O Gratioust Lord, &c.
22. Church-Musick—Sweetest of sweets, &c.
23. The Christian Temper—How should I praise, &c.
24. The Christian Temper—It cannot bee, &c.
25. Prayer—Prayer, the Churche's Banquett, &c.
26. Prayer—Give mee my captiue soule, &c.
27. Prayer—I know it is my sinn, &c.
28. Imploiment—If as a flower, &c.
29. Whitsunday—Come, blessed Doue, &c.
30. The H. Scriptures 1—O Book, &c.
31. The H. Scriptures 2—O that I knew, &c.
- *32. Love—Thou art too hard, &c.
- Sinn—O that I could, &c.
34. Trinity Sunday—Lord, who hast, &c.
- *34. Trinity Sunday—He that is one, &c.
35. Repentance—Lord, I confess, &c.
36. Praise—to write a verse, &c.
37. Nature—Ffull of rebellion, &c.
38. Grace—My stock, &c.
39. Mattens—I can not ope, &c.
- *40. Euen Song—The Day is spent, &c.
41. Christmas-Day—All after pleasures, &c.
42. Church-Monuments—While yt my soule, &c.
43. Ffraitly—Lord, in my Silence, &c.
44. Content—Peace mutt'ring Thoughts, &c.
45. Poetry—My God a Verse, &c.
46. Affliction—When first, &c.
47. Humility—I saw, &c.
48. Sunday—O Day so calme, &c.
49. Deniall—When my devotions, &c.
50. Ungratefulness—Lord, with what bounty, &c.
51. Imploiment—Hee that is weary, &c.
52. A Wreath—A wreathed garland, &c.
53. To all Angels and Saints—O glorious spirits, &c.
54. The Pearle—I know, &c.
55. Tentation—Broken in pieces, &c.
56. The World—Love built, &c.
57. Coloss. 3, 3—My words, &c.
58. Ffaih—Lord, how couldst, &c.
59. Lent—Welcome deere feast, &c.
60. Man—My God, &c.
61. Ode—Praised be the God, &c.
62. Affliction—My God, &c.
63. Sinn—Lord, wth what care, &c.
64. Charmes and Knots—Who read, &c.
65. Unkindness—Lord, make me cry, &c.
66. Mortification—How soon does man, &c.
67. The Publican—Lord, let y^e angels, &c.
68. Prayer—Of what an easy, &c.
69. Obedience—My God, if writings, &c.
70. Invention—When first my verse, &c.
71. Perfection, The Elixir—Lord, teach, &c.
- *72. The Knell—The Bell doth tolle, &c.
- *73. Perseverance—My God, y^e poore, &c.
74. Death—Death, thou wast, &c.
75. Dooms-day—Come away, &c.
76. Judgment—Allmighty Judg, &c.
77. Heaven—O who will, &c.
78. Love—Love bad me welcome, &c.
79. The Church Militant—Almighty Lord, &c.
80. L'Envoy—King of Glory, &c.

Running the eye along these familiar headings, two things are noteworthy:—

(a) That the absence of about one-half of the pieces ultimately contained in "The Temple" seems to indicate that in our ms. we have the earlier form of the Poems. So that the various readings introduce us into the Poet's study in the act of composition. As will appear, not a few of the variants are better than the text adopted, while others reveal the *labor linea* with which the consummate jewels of some of the more famous poems were wrought.

(b) That the heading of No. 45, "Poetry," instead of the usual one of "The Quiddity," which is really unmeaning, and No. 67, "The Publican," instead of "Misery"—the former more definite, and linking on the pathetic and remarkable penitences with the old and ever-new gospel story of the Publican's cry, "God be merciful to me the sinner" (St. Luke xviii. 13)—and others, are very superior to those (probably) given by Ferrar.* No. 51 being left without a heading, the author has himself written carefully over it "Implainment," and so with his grandest poem, No. 60, "Man."

Commencing with "The Church Porch," let us first read two stanzas in Pickering's beautiful octavo edition of "The Works" (2 vols., 1853)—the more readily in that its modernisations correspond with nearly all the current editions. The two opening stanzas are as follows:—

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Harken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :—
A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood:
It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their
book !

In the ms. these read thus:—

Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
The price of thee, and mark thee for a treasure :
Harken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies
And turne delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of Lust (*startle not*) O beware !
It makes thy soule a blott : it is a rodd
Whose twigs are pleasures, and they whip thee bare :
It spoils an Angel : robs thee of thy God.
How dare those eyes uppon a Bible looke
Much lesse towards God, whose Lust is all their
booke !

We have italicised the new portions, and surely they are of the rarest interest and value. Stanza 2 has things in it that it were indeed pity to have lost. We do not now quote more from this place; but the ms. variations in next two stanzas satisfy us that the original editor "smoothed" and refined away the rough yet penetrative plain-spokenness of Herbert—as shall in due time appear.

In stanza 5, for the usual closing couplet:

" It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round,"

our ms. has:—

* We regret that in a portion of the impression of our first paper, the name of Nicholas Ferrar was given as Farrer by the printers, misled by Walton's mis-spelling: also "fuller" for "Fuller," in a foot-note.

" The Drunkard forfeits man and doth devest
All worldlie right save what hee hath by Beast" —the latter introducing vigorously a new thought instead of a mere conceitful expansion of what precedes. It may be remarked here generally, that throughout the ms. there are similar tenses as opposed to inflation and progress as against simple revolution. This is the more to be recognised and accepted in editing HERBERT, inasmuch as there can be no question that Professor Nichol's criticism is justified by many passages, when he says in his pleasant little essay on the "Life and Poetry of George Herbert," prefixed to a pretty edition of his Poems (London: Bickers and Bush, 1863, 12mo):—"Its defects are serious, and have emboldened depreciatory critics to say that the author of 'The Temple' has been handed down to us more by his life than his work. Foremost among them is a want of condensation, which has led the poet into frequent repetition of the same ideas under slightly altered phraseology. Sometimes, even within the limits of the same poem, he turns a thought over till we are tired of it; and to read through his book continuously is no easy task." (p. xx.) The student of "The Church Porch" will at once notice that the couplet above is in the printed text the close of stanza 6. Having previously utilised it, we have as close of stanza 6 in the ms. this very Herbertian couplet:—

" Hee that is all ill, and can have no good
Because no knowledge, is not earth but mudd."

In stanza 10, line 3, for "avarice," there is the homelier yet truer word, "cheating." Following stanza 15 is an entirely new and omitted stanza, as follows:—

If thou art nothing, think what thou wouldest bee.
He that desires is more than halfe y^e way.
But if thou coole then take some shame to thee:
Desire and shame will make thy labour, play:
This is Earth's language, for if Heaven
come in

Thou hast run all thy race ere thou beginn.

Passing verbal changes, one in stanza 20, line 3, restores meaning to what was obscure. It runs in printed texts:—

" Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon—" In the ms. it is:—

" makes us soure
When wanton pleasures beckon—"

id est, makes us look with a "sour," or unresponsive face to the "pleasures" that would entice and ensnare. "Stour" as a substantive means a battle, assault, incursion, tumult: *stur*, Runic, a battle, *steoran*, Saxon, to disturb (Bailey, s. v.) Halliwell (s. v.) gives "stoure" as = rude as coarse cloth is, "gros" from Palsgrave, and the same ancient Worthy has "stoure of conversacyon, estourdy," which words have been interpreted as = inflexible or severe. But the "sowre" of our ms., which is also confirmed by "sowre" being in the Bodleian ms. as "licensed" for the Press, relieves us of ingenious attempts to fit in given meanings, real or possible, with Herbert's text: "sowre" was the Author's word undoubtedly; 1674 and 1679 editions have "tower," and Pickering (1835) continued the absurd mis-reading.

In the same stanza 20, for

" What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf,"

there is the clearer and more accurate reading :—

" And though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf,"

that is, cause of his own shipwreck, as a sunken reef or rock is of a ship's. In stanza 28, there are very noticeable variations, as witness :—

Yett in thy pursing still thy self distrust
Least gaining gaine on thee, and fill thy hart :
W^{ch} if it cleave to coine, one common rust
Will canker both, yett thou also shalt smart :
One common waight will press downe both,
yet so
As that thy self alone to hell shal goe.

Compare with the ordinary text, as follows :—

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjuror's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath
him.

Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

Again passing verbal changes, in stanza 58 we have for the usual closing couplet :—

" Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost."
this :—

" Who say *I care not* those I give for gone
They dye in holes, where glory never shone."

To exemplify the nicety of the Poet's reading of our ms., we note that he has inserted "those" before "I give," and marked out "those" as written in before "for." In the next stanza (59), line 2, reads "for ye greatest king," instead of "for a mighty king :" and line 4, for "As guns destroy, so may a little sling," the ms. has, "As swords cause death, so may a little sting"—the former a reminiscence of David's "sling" against Goliath, the latter suggestively contrasting the "stab" of the "sword" with the smaller though equally mortal "sting" of scorn. In stanza 62, the first four lines in printed text read :

" Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour."

The "flower" in line 2 is vivid and unforgettable—for one at once thinks of the beauty growing up in pureness from the soil. Still the ms. has a touch of patriotism that is prizeworthy : e.g.—

" Leave not thine owne deere country-cleanliness,
Ffor this ffrench sluttrey w^{ch} so currant goes :
As if none could be brave, but who profess
Ffirst to be slovens, and forsake their nose."

In stanza 66, line 1, the special reference to Sunday as a whole day for God and God's house is marred by mis-reading "Twice on the day" for our ms.'s "Twice on that day." There are other variations elsewhere; but these must suffice for "The Church Porch." We have been thus full on it in order that a typical example of the ms. might be given. We shall carefully record all, even the minutest, in our notes to the several poems in our announced edition. We observe of the whole Poems in our ms. that almost without exception every page presents some various reading of lesser or greater interest and significance. We would close our present Paper

with a very few more specimens from the best known poems of "The Temple."

Dr. George Macdonald, in his "Antiphon," with a fine enthusiasm discourses of Herbert, and if our head dictates considerable abatement from the poetic estimate, our heart refuses not to sympathise with the affectionate reverence. He thus speaks of the melody of our Verser : "The sound of a verse is the harbinger of the truth contained therein. If it be a right poem, this will be true. Herein Herbert excels. It will be found impossible to separate the music of his words from the music of the thought which takes shape in that sound.

" I got me flowers to strow thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with thee."

(P. 175.) To our ear "broughtst" is a sibilant that mars the melody of this lovely verse; and it was with no common joy we found the ms. as worked and reworked on, relieving it thereof, and otherwise brightening and refining it, as thus :—

" I had prepared many a flower
To strow Thy way and victorie,
But Thou wast vp before mine houre
Bringinge Thy sweets along with Thee."

Originally line 4 read—

" And brought"—

Herbert writes over this, "Bringinge." The two remaining stanzas in the printed text read :—

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume ;
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour
We count three hundred, but we miss :
There is but one, and that one ever.

The ms., though defective, has nevertheless felicities of its own, e.g.—

The Sunn arising in the East
Though hee bring light and th' other sent ;
Can not make up so braue a feast
As Thy discoverie presents.

Yet though my flours be lost, they say
A hart can never come too late:
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day
And then this day my life shall date.

In the sweet and priceless poem called "Grace," the quaint fourth stanza, commencing "Death is still working like a mole," is not in the ms., but a stanza which is crossed over occurs. Thus :

What if I say Thou seek'st delays :
Wilt Thou not then my fault reprove ?
Present my sinn to Thine own praise,
Drop from above.

Even in the already-named supreme poem "Man," the ms. offers various readings that no critical student would lose, e.g., in stanza 1, line 2, for "That none doth build," it reads "That no man builds." Again, in stanza 2, line 2, the printed text reads "It is a tree, yet bears no fruit." This is untrue, and spoils the intended antithesis. The ms. reads "Yet bears more fruit."

In stanza 5, line 2, for "The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow," the ms. has "Earth resteth, Heaven moveth, fountains flow"—the weakening "doth" removed. In stanza 7, line 5, for "Hath one such beauty," the ms. reads "If one have beauty." Finally, in stanza 8, the usual close is

"—as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be."

Inferiorly in ms. :—

"—as y^e world to us is kind and free,
So we may be to Thee."

In Church Music (No 38 of "The Temple") we have in the ms. a stanza (3rd) omitted in the printed texts, but worthy of its place :—

O what a state is this, w^{ch} never knew
Sicknes, or shame, or sinn, or sorrow:
Where all my debts are payd, none can accrue,
W^{ch} knoweth not, what means to morrow.

In "The Pearle" (No. 64 of "The Temple") stanza 3 furnishes in the ms. these variations :—

I know y^e ways of Pleasure: the sweet strains,
The { lulling } and the relishes of itt:

The propositions of hott blood and brains:
What mirth and musick meane, what love and witt
Have done these { many } hundred yeers and more:
Where both their baskets are wth all their store,
The smacks of dainties, and their exaltation:
What both y^e stops and pegs of pleasure bee:
The ioyes of Company or Contemplation,
Yet I love Thee.

Compare the italicised lines with the usual text :—

I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being one to five.

"The Thanksgiving," and "The Second Thanksgiving" (Nos. 5 and 6 of "The Temple") offer variations that are not only noticeable in themselves but corrective of the text as given by Dr. George Macdonald (whereby Herbert is made to teach what he never would or could have done). In the opening the ms. reads for "Oh, King of grief!" (line 1) and "Oh, King of wounds!"

"King of all Grief!
King of all wounds!"

Then in line 4, "Antiphon" reads oddly :—

"That all Thy body was one *gore*."

The ms. and the original and early printed texts :—

"That all Thy body was one *dore*."

I am aware that the famous "one red" of Shakespeare might be adduced in favour of "one gore;" but "dore" is clearer and more striking. "Gore" is one of various corruptions first introduced in the utterly unauthoritative and late edition of 1679. In line 26 the ms. originally read, "I will ripp out his Love;" but Herbert has erased it, and written above "teare." In lines 44, 45, the ms. reads :—

"Nay I will read Thy Book, and never linn
Till I have found Thy love therein!"

for the usual :—

"Nay, I will read Thy Book, and never move
Till I have found therein Thy love."

But the most vital reading of the ms., as of the original and early printed texts, is "Thy" for "my," in lines 29 and 49, i.e., "Thy Passion" for "my Passion." Dr. Macdonald unauthorisedly reads "my," and adds a foot-note "my" to correspond to that of Christ—which is (unconsciously) profane, for His Passion stands of necessity alone and unresemblable by creature. Then the printed-text heading of the succeeding poem as "The Reprisal" conceals the fact that the second poem is the second on the Passion of the Lord promised in the first. The ms. heading of "The Second Thanksgiving" brings this out better.

"Antiphon" (p. 188) quotes as a "lovely stanza" that he might have "given us . . . even lovelier," the following :—

"Listen, sweet dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly with thee."

In the ms. this reads :—

"Come blessed dove, charmed wth my song,
Display thy golden wings in mee:
Hatching my tender hart so long
Till I gett wing to fly away wth thee."

On this stanza Dr. Macdonald remarks: "The stanza is indeed lovely, and true and tender, and clever as well; yet who can help smiling at the notion of the incubation of the heart-egg, although what the poet means is so good that the smile almost vanishes in a sigh?" (p. 188). But the metaphor is pathetically scriptural, and the ms. obviates the criticism by its "I" in line 4.

We are tempted to linger over the diamond-dust of these Various Readings, but may not. In our next Paper, concluding the little series, we shall in like manner give account of the Latin Poems of our ms., which, save two (not one, as inadvertently stated in our first Paper), are altogether unpublished.

THE WORKING CLASSES ABROAD.

VIII.—FRANCE—THE PROVINCES—(continued).

In his interesting report on Brittany, Mr. Rainals has started the idea that, if France were in a settled state, there might be an opening for the immigration from Great Britain into Brittany of a sober class of agriculturists who should bring their capital and industry and best modes of culture to bear on French soil. There are, he says, "large tracts of waste and heath land which might be purchased at a moderate, perhaps even at a low price, and which, under skilful management, and with the introduction of modern improvements, could not only be made productive, but might prove very remunerative to the investment of capital." The rural population of Brittany are a rude race, speaking a language of their own, which is not understood in other parts of the country, and are totally distinct in other respects from the other inhabitants of France. They are ignorant, superstitious, and avaricious, but not industrious, and their intemperance is proverbial. They make no attempts at improvement in the culture of the soil, know nothing whatever of the science of agriculture, and even in the methods they pursue are a hundred years behind their neighbours—"facts that can scarcely fail to prove to the practical agri-

culturist that the introduction of modern improvements and of skilful labour would bring its own reward."

The costume of the Breton peasant is rather grotesque: the women wear two woollen petticoats, a woollen jacket, an apron, and wooden shoes, but no stockings; the men figure in a woollen shirt and drawers, but on Sundays and holidays will appear in broad-brimmed hats, long flowing hair, and trunk hose of the sixteenth century. In some districts the winter garb consists of undressed goat-skins. Their habitations are dirty, damp, ill-ventilated, and wanting in boarded floors. Their diet is soup, potatoes, and rye-bread; a holiday treat is soup enriched with hog's-lard; and they rarely taste meat.

The industrial establishments of Brittany are flax-spinneries, manufactories of chemicals, of tobacco, of earthenware, and of candles, besides paper-mills, flour-mills, tanneries, etc. The wages of the native mechanics vary from 2s. to 5s. a day; their diet is far better than that of the labourer, as they can afford meat once or twice a week. The mechanic is also better lodged, but not as he should be, at a cost of from £4 to £7 a year.

At the flax-factory at Landerneau a limited number of British are employed, who, as skilled mechanics, receive 6s. 6d. a day, whilst the French workmen of the same grade earn but 4s. The British workmen are comfortably housed in neat and clean dwellings rented at £3 6s. a year. Formerly there were several hundreds of English, Scotch, and Irish employed at this factory, but they were nearly all sent adrift as soon as they had taught the French workmen their handicraft.

Living, for an Englishman who cannot conform to the diet of the natives, is almost as dear as in London.

In weighing the question how far it is desirable for an English workman to seek work in France, there are things to be taken into consideration which will hardly suggest themselves. Some of them tell one way, and some another. Let us glance at one or two of them. The first thing—and it is rather startling to an intending emigrant—is the fact that the French laws do not recognise the right of a foreigner to "tramp" their country in search of employment. Foreigners without ostensible means of existence are not allowed to wander from place to place, however good their character and conduct, and are liable, if they attempt to do so, to be treated as vagabonds. If workmen will "tramp it" they must purchase a license, when they will be numbered in the same category with hawkers, tinkers, music-grinders, and even beggars. The second thing—much pleasanter to think of—is the fact that there is in France, and notably in the provinces, a marked absence of that strong separation between classes which exists in England and various other countries; and this levelling upwards has a perceptible influence in giving to the lower orders an independence of character and amount of self-reliance which, though not without drawbacks, raises them in the social scale, and by the confidence it creates, materially assists their efforts to better their position. It is thus that in many branches of employment, it is rather the employed than the employer who regulates the rate of wages; sometimes the employed considers that he is conferring, not receiving, a favour, when he accepts board, lodging, and fair wages from an employer who will necessarily derive

profit from his work; this feeling is rather encouraged by the circumstance that in many lines of business but a slight distinction, except in financial and general superintendence, is maintained between employer and employed; they dine together, work together, and the employed in some measure controls the work with which he is intrusted. Such conditions of labour and social communion have a tendency to diminish the harsh distinctions between master and servant, and cause the latter to have more pride in his work and a stronger feeling of responsibility. Of course, where this feeling most prevails, there the work is best done.

Thirdly,—Englishmen often fail in France because they will obstinately adhere to home habits and ways of life. The better class of French workmen, from their extreme moderation in food, their economical mode of dress, their sobriety and providence, are able to live cheaper than a British workman would contentedly do; and many things which an English workman would consider as indispensable necessities, a Frenchman of the same class would look upon as useless luxuries; and therefore French workmen are often found to save yearly a respectable portion upon wages which would barely be found sufficient for the support of a British workman in the same position. By means of his savings the French workman is often in a position to make small investments, which, accumulating, permit him in time to change and improve his condition. "Cases have constantly come under my notice," says Mr. Vereker, "where French workmen have agreed to purchase interests in lands or houses on the condition of paying small instalments out of their earnings spread over a series of years. Artisans and others are also continually found who, having purchased a farm or strip of vineyard (a contingency to which all seem to look forward), whenever misfortune befalls them are not ashamed to return to their former occupations, until they have earned a sufficiency to recommence farming, or other affairs, on their own account, with better prospects of success." The British working man might with advantage emulate those examples which are thus found to elevate the character of the working class, and conduce to their contentment and prosperity.

In connection with this provident self-denial of the French provincial, we would direct attention to the rapid adoption of late years throughout France of the system known as the Mulhouse System, which was established for the express purpose of enabling working men to possess houses of their own. The workmen's dwellings consist of rows of two-storyed houses, each with a garden attached, and the condition of the lease is such that a workman, after a certain number of years, can obtain the freehold of his own house. This has an immense moral influence on the population. There is no irritating system of supervision such as that which scares away the Parisian workman from the *cités ouvrières* in Paris. The workman feels that he is in the possession of a real home, that in a few years he will become a proprietor, and thus the whole character of the man is changed. His self-respect increases, he feels himself a member of the body politic, and his interests enlist him on the side of order. The following anecdote is an instance in proof. A rich manufacturer in Roubaix had in his employ a most intelligent and able stoker, but unfortunately the man was a great drunkard. One day as he was leaving the public-house,

the man fell down and broke his leg. While he was laid up his employer visited him, and found him very anxious for the future of his family, as he had never saved money in his life. His master soon satisfied him on that head by telling him that he would still receive his wages although unable to work, and that he might pay him back by instalments as soon as he was able to resume work. As he was confined to his bed for a long time, it was a whole year before the stoker was able to repay to his employer the money which he had advanced him during his illness. At the end of the year his employer suggested the advisability of economising for the future as he had done in the past, and, to encourage him, told him that two years' savings at the same rate would realise the sum of 1,200 francs; the value of the house in which he was living, and which might then become his own property. The workman consented. He gave up drinking. The two years quickly passed, and the day after he had entered into possession of his newly-acquired property, the clerk of the works paid him his full wages. This time, however, he refused to receive them, adding that he intended to become the possessor of other houses in the row; and such was indeed the fact, for he is now the proprietor of three houses. So great is the power exercised by the love of property.

There are some things with regard to the climate of France which the intending emigrant may bear in mind. In the north and north-western departments the general temperature is very much the same as it is in England; and an Englishman, therefore, will be under no necessity of altering either his clothing or his diet. In Paris the heats are greater in summer, and the cold more excessive in winter, than is the case in England. The farther south we go the more sudden and the more violent are the climatic changes, and the more necessary it is for an islander to be on his guard. In Marseilles the heat in summer is almost tropical, and one might say almost as much of Lyons during a long continuance of sunny weather. Further, the annoyances of hot weather are formidable augmented by the absence of proper drainage, of that regard for local cleanliness, and of that sense of decent propriety, which seem wanting in the perceptions of continental peoples. Often in the southern districts the hot weather goes away of a sudden, and cold blasts (*tramontanes*) come down from the mountainous regions, bringing universal chill that pierces to the bone. The native, who is in a manner inured to these freaks, knows how to take care of himself; but the stranger is too apt to take no care, and to suffer accordingly by colds and catarrhs which have an ugly custom of leading to fevers that sometimes prove fatal. The best dress in the south for an Englishman is light outer clothing, with flannel vest and drawers. The diet should also be light, and watered wine, we are told, is the best kind of stimulant, when good light beer cannot be had. Nothing is more destructive to the general health than the use of strong spirits during hot seasons. Fruit, especially grapes, may be eaten plentifully when thoroughly ripe, but not otherwise. As a rule, it is well, in all places abroad, to note what is the prevailing diet of the inhabitants, and to conform to it as far as we can without violence to our principles or inclinations. The general diet of a civilised country is never a thing either of accident or caprice; it is rather the stereotyped expression of what experience has proved to be the best.

Varieties.

CYPRIAN ANTIQUITIES.—General de Cemola, an Italian officer in the army of the Potomac, now American Consul in Cyprus, has made a large and various collection of antiquities, part of which has been sent already to New York. Of some of the statues, a correspondent of the "Times" says:—"They skilfully represent the type of countenance peculiar to the Cypriote even at the present day, large eyes *& fleur de tête*, high cheeks, straight nose, a projecting, rounded chin, and a small mouth of full lips. The most important of the figures seem to be priests of Aphrodite, or, perhaps, are portraits of great personages in a sacerdotal habit. One colossal statue, in perfect condition, holds in the left hand the sacred dove of Aphrodite, and in the right what appears to be a box. The beard is curled in the Assyrian fashion, and the drapery falls in archaic folds. Not a few of the heads have the close curled hair, the stiff, straight beard of Assyrian sculpture; others might have come from Thebes, by their Egyptian ornaments and headdress. The lips, sometimes the whole statue, seem often to have been coloured red, and a wet sponge brings out the dye clearly. The types of countenance, the different emblems and devices, the pattern and folding of the costume, the curl of the hair, the trimming of the beard in the various statues, are chapters in stone of the deepest interest and meaning. The handwork and ideas probably of Phoenicia, certainly of Egypt and Assyria, are before us, still clearly distinctive, yet blending their types in archaic forms in which we discern the rudiments of the art and thought which afterwards became classic and beautiful. We trace back the rude and early mythology of Herakles and Aphrodite; we have evidence sure and plain of the intercourse of different races, and of their influence on each other, and we learn something of the aboriginal people of Cyprus, who seem to have been of a stock distinct from the Hellenic as well as the Semitic races. Some of the descriptions are believed to be in the native Cypriote language, for their characters are neither Greek, nor Phoenician, nor Assyrian. The type of the early statues is extremely stiff, the arms not being separated from the side. In later forms the arms are partly separated; while the latest style of all has sufficient freedom of treatment, though it never approaches the artistic excellence of the best Greek sculpture."

EGYPTIAN SLAVERY.—On our way down we had a call from an intelligent merchant of Ossiot, who had been at Khoda on business and was returning. In course of conversation one of our party mentioned the statement he had seen in English and American papers that forced labour had been abolished in Egypt. Our visitor, who has good opportunities for knowing the exact truth, smiled, ran over the names of districts in the upper country, and at the same time counted up certain numbers on his fingers. Then, as the result of his calculations, he said, "The Viceroy has now in his service above Beni Sooch ninety-one thousand forced labourers." Next day, lying at Minieh, we had a good chance to pick up more facts on the same subject, as a number of steamers and barges brought up and landed on the shore there not less than two thousand squalid labourers.—*Letter in "The Friend."*

URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGIN MARTYRS.—In the Church of St. Ursula at Rouen are the bones of eleven thousand English virgins. How they came there is somewhat uncertain, and statements concerning their history are very contradictory. It is reported that they were on their voyage to Rouen, and either took the veil, or sacrificed their lives to avoid marriage with the barbarous Huns who then possessed the city. What eleven thousand young unmarried ladies had to do at Rouen, or why, in such times, or indeed at any times, they left the shelter of their homes, or in what fleet they crossed the sea, are points upon which history does not inform us. There are the bones, however; the Church of Rome has determined their sanctity, and instituted a service to their honour. In the Salisbury Breviary of 1555, the following prayer is given for the feast of the day: "O God, who hast made this day a holy solemnity to us, hear the prayers of thy family; and grant that we may be freed by the merits and intercessions of those whose feast we this day celebrate." The whole story of the *eleven thousand* is founded upon the ignorant reading of a Latin inscription, "Ursula et xi. MM. VV." The *M* was translated *thousand*, *mille*, instead of *martyrs*. In fact, a list of reliques in the year 1117 mentions the remains of eleven martyrs, the bones not having multiplied, as they afterwards did, to eleven thousand!

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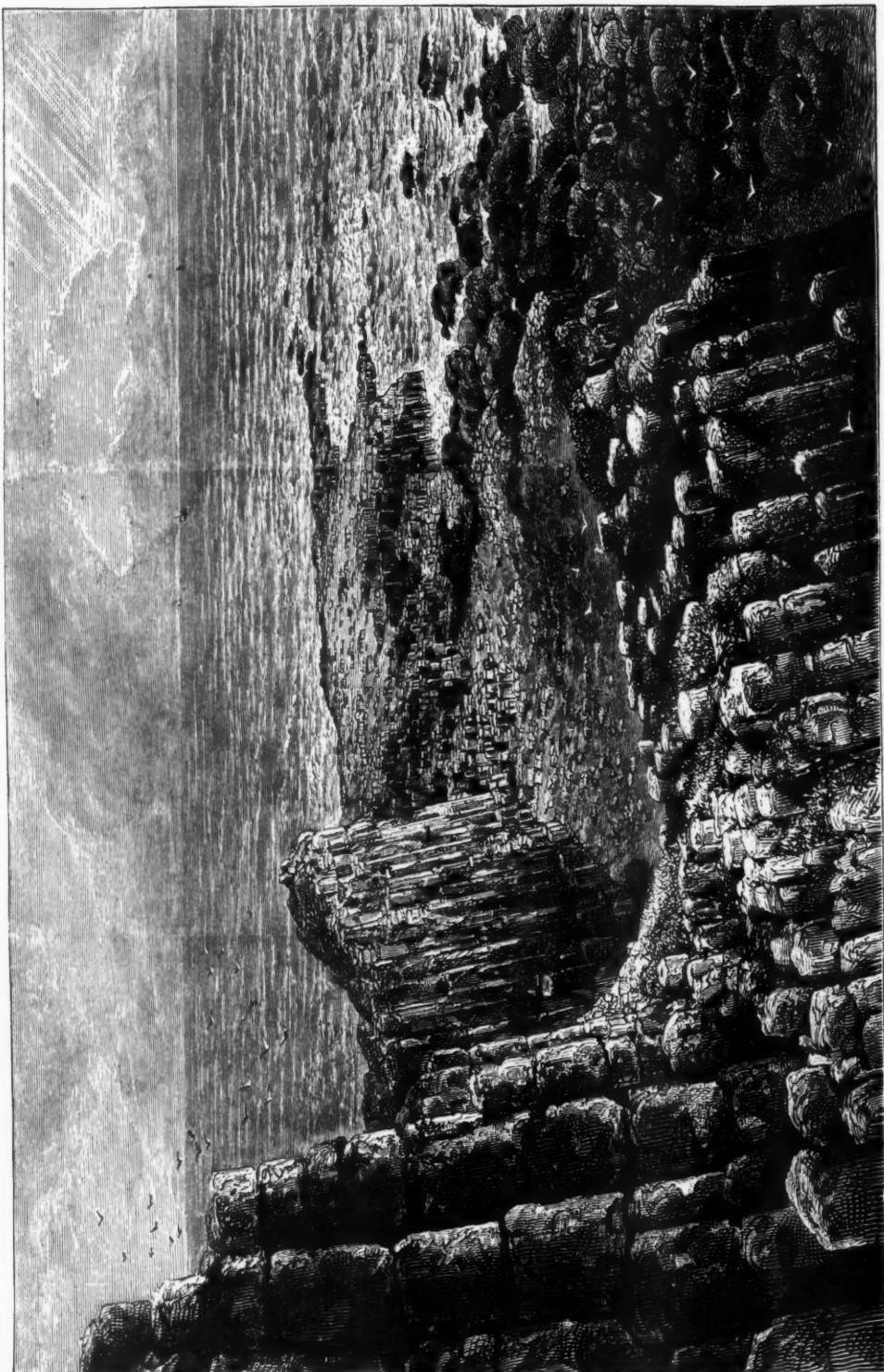
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